

# AUGUSTA HISTORICAL BULLETIN



Published by the  
AUGUSTA COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY

Volume **5**

Fall, 1969

Number 2

400 Copies printed by  
 McClure Printing Company, Inc.  
 Verona, Virginia

Copies of this issue to all members

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A purpose of the Augusta County Historical Society is to publish *Augusta Historical Bulletin* to be sent without charge to all members. Single issues are available at \$1.00 per copy.

The membership of the society is composed of annual and life members who pay the following dues:

Annual (individual) .....	\$5.00
Annual (family) .....	\$8.00
Annual (sustaining) .....	\$25.00
Life Membership .....	\$100.00
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Contributing—Any amount	



Dr. Richard Phillips Bell III  
1912 — 1969

## MEMORIAL TO DR. RICHARD PHILLIPS BELL III

As founder and first president of the Augusta County Historical Society, Richard Phillips Bell III has left a rich heritage evolving from interest in and concern for preservation of this region's history. As one who devoted a significant share of his time and energy to the collection of the lore and legends of this area, he has bestowed the gift of a fascinated devotion to and knowledge of our history.

Dr. Bell was born in Baltimore, Maryland, August 17, 1912, the son of Mary Grasty Bell and Dr. Richard P. Bell, Jr. His public school education was gained in Staunton, and he supplemented his secondary education with attendance at the Staunton Military Academy. After graduation at Dartmouth and the University of Virginia Medical School, he began the practice of medicine in Staunton, where he achieved a position of leadership and of wide recognition in medical circles.

Dr. Bell, as head of a surgical team during World War II, served in the University of Virginia 8th Evacuation Hospital, attaining the grade of major in the Army Medical Corps. His service included thirty-four months in the war arenas of North Africa and Italy.

In his home city of Staunton, he was participant in a variety of endeavors, including community enterprises and Church activities, among which were presidency of the Staunton Kiwanis Club and membership in the vestry of the Trinity Episcopal Church. A member of a family of medical authorities, he was well known in the community and highly esteemed by his fellow citizens.

During his career in secondary school, Richard P. Bell displayed a broad scope of interests, ranging through history and literature, geology and many scientific fields. With an ancestry including the first settlers of the upper Shenandoah Valley and other figures of prominence in this area, his inquiring mind found a ready focus in the history of the region surrounding us. His intimate knowledge of that history was the result of years of study and of concentration upon various facets of the annals and traditions of Staunton and Augusta County.

For many years Dr. Bell was disturbed at the paucity of facilities here for preservation of historical sites and at the absence of interest displayed toward regional history. Repeatedly he sponsored events which memorialized significant epochs and leaders who have figured in such epochs. Out of his concern emerged the idea of organizing a group of interested citizens anxious to promote, preserve, and sustain interest in this history. After years of thought and planning, there materialized finally in 1964 the concept of the Augusta County Historical Society.

From the inception of this organization, Dr. Bell dedicated a substantial part of his attention to its structure and functions. As the first president of the society, he strove to foment an expanding circle of interest and to stir the group to more zealous efforts toward bringing the chronicles of this region to the forefront. During the years since that presidency, he has served on the board of directors, maintaining concerned attention to the affairs and progress of the society. He was honored in 1969 with the distinction of being named a permanent director.

The initial existence of the Augusta County Historical Society owes much to the labors of Richard Phillips Bell III. Its growth and progress are largely the results of his foresight and supervision. The present programs and the current plans for sustained growth of the organization are in the main the consequences of his vigilance and concern. It is with a deep debt of gratitude to the memory of Dr. Bell that the Augusta County Historical Society continues to devote its attention to preserving the history of this land.

#### THE END

(This memorial to Dr. Richard Phillips Bell III, prepared by Dr. Marshall M. Brice, was acted upon by the Board of Managers of the Augusta County Historical Society on September 8th, 1969, the first meeting following Dr. Bell's death. Ed.)

## OLD HOMES OF AUGUSTA COUNTY

Over a year ago, when the Augusta County Historical Society voted to undertake a comprehensive survey of historical sites in the County to expand the limited record compiled earlier by the Virginia Historic Landmarks Commission, Mrs. William Bushman and I were asked to form a committee of volunteer photographers to accomplish this intriguing if ambitious task.

Tonight's program constitutes an interim report to you in the nature of a visit to some ninety homes throughout the county. In most instances brief histories accompany each picture. Except as stated to the contrary, these houses all date prior to 1860.

We are not architects and have resisted the impulse to assess the houses from an architectural standpoint. Nonetheless, our survey has made us acutely aware of the architectural differences between the typical early Augusta County home and its contemporary to the east of the Blue Ridge. Likewise, we have come to appreciate more than ever the similarities between what our Scotch-Irish and German ancestors built in Augusta and what they had left behind them in Pennsylvania.

Besides acknowledging personally the professional skill, abiding interest, and dedicated enthusiasm which my colleague, Mrs. William Bushman, has given to this project, I ask the privilege of according public recognition to the volunteer photographers who spent so many hours compiling this record for us:

William B. Alwood III — David Bushman — Frank G. Bushman — William H. Bushman — Walter Hickok — R. Fontaine McPherson, Jr. — and Mr. & Mrs. George T. Yarrow.

It is interesting to note that four of our cameramen are teenagers. Our gratitude is likewise due Mr. Robert B. Kerby who has taped the narration.

Perhaps our greatest debt is to the homeowners who have so graciously received us, permitted us to photograph their homes, and generously shared with us so many items of unrecorded lore.

The project, of course, is far from complete. Hopefully what you see tonight will whet your enthusiasm and encourage you to join us in the part that lies ahead. Working together on such



projects as this is not only individually rewarding but, we feel, good for our Society.

And now let us embark—on a journey into Old Augusta.

The following is the commentary in connection with the slides shown to the audience:

#### RIVERHEADS DISTRICT

C. M. Eddy home—on Middlebrook Road. Built on the location of the Old North Mountain Meeting House, one of the first Presbyterian missions. The date of the church is 1746. Later, the congregation split and formed two churches: Bethel and Hebron. The records the cemetery located there are to be found in Turner, *Bethel and Her Ministers*. About 1911, Mr. Bosserman, when repairing the barn on the place, gathered up many of the gravestones of the burying ground and incorporated them into the foundation. In 1934, Dr. W. A. Murphy copied all the stones that he was able to determine from the stones remaining. This list is in Dr. Herbert S. Turner's book printed in 1946. Known as the Mish farm, the present owners are Mr. and Mrs. C. M. Eddy. John Willson owned the original land of North Mountain Meeting House which he sold to the congregation in 1755. The North Mountain Meeting House land was sold in 1821 to Christian Beard. The original house was 4 rooms—2 up and 2 down. The rest of the house was built in 2 or 3 different stages. When it was remodeled the floors had to be raised 4 inches.

"Oakhurst"—the Meredith Hogshead home, located on Middlebrook Road, south of Middlebrook. Built circa 1850, it has 18" solid brick walls. Bethel Green, Oakhurst, and the Richard Hogshead home, now owned by James Coiner, were all built at the same time and in the same style. The present owner is S. H. McLaughlin.

The old Harris house—near the Martin Harris home, located near Spottswood, originally Robert Harris property. House built by James Harris circa 1832-1835. Mrs. Charles Bradley, present owner, a descendant through her mother, a Miss Harris.

Stage House, Middlebrook.

Berrymor—owned by Marvin Campbell, located on Route 693, is between 125-150 years old. Mrs. Campbell's parents, Mr. and Mrs. S. H. Berry, bought this home and land from Jacob Bosserman, in 1890. Father of Mrs. Blair Hanger.

Hessian House, Route 340 and U. S. No. 11—probably built during the American Revolution by the German mercenaries kept prisoner at Charlottesville after the Battle of Saratoga, October, 1777—is now a motel. Augusta County has at least three houses built by the so-called "Hessians", and other homes have work done on the interiors by these men. This old house is now part of a motel.

The Smith home—Greenville, owned by Mrs. Earl Crum. Part of this house was standing in early 1770 as a log house. Additions have been made

through the years, but the entire structure is very old. Mrs. Crum's great-great grandfather lived here—this home has remained always in the family of Mrs. Crum.

Home of Mr. and Mrs. W. Martin Harris, Spottswood—on Route 620 2 miles west of Spottswood. This house was built in 1831 by Elijah Carson, born January 1789, died March 1860. This present structure was built after the log house which stood just in front burned in 1831. Elijah Carson married Polly Hawpe. Their son, Sam, born July 1831 lived in it all his life. The house (log) burned while Polly Hawpe Carson and Sally Carson were schutching flax.

Greenwood—The McChesney Home, owned presently by Mr. and Mrs. Richard B. Smith, formerly of Smithtown, Long Island. It is known as the Haunted House (Waddell, *Annals of Augusta County*). It is a white wooden home, with original spring house in the rear—the brick building nearby where slaves lived.

The Richard Hogshead home now owned by James Coiner, built circa 1850 and in same style as Bethel Green and Oakhurst. Is located on Middlebrook Road, south of Oakhurst.

Walnut Brook—located east of the Middlebrook Road, one half mile north of St. John's Church at eastern end of Route 819, is 150 years old or older. The doors and wood beams are from the original house on the place, which was built circa 1819 by Conrad Slusher who purchased the land in 1780 from William Steele. In 1831, it was purchased from the heirs of Conrad Slusher by Jacob Price, Sr. It remained in the Price family until 1916, when it was sold by David S. Price, a grandson of Jacob Price, Sr. It is presently owned by Mr. and Mrs. Ronald Oberg of Staunton, who are restoring it.

Bethel Green—built circa 1850, by James Bumgardner, a grandson of Christian Bumgardner who settled on the land in 1772. The present owner is Dr. James Murphy, nephew of the late Dr. W. A. Murphy, and a great grandson of James Bumgardner. The records of historical interest and value, not only of the family, but also of the construction and furnishing of this home have been preserved by the late Dr. W. A. Murphy. It was here in 1820, that Jacob Bumgardner, a son of Christian Bumgardner, established a distillery, using spring water from Bethel Green, whose whiskey, "Old Bumgardner", became very famous. (Source: Wayland, J. W., *Historic Homes of Northern Virginia*, 1937, by McClure Company, Inc.)

Old Waddell place—located on Route 693, back of Bethel Green, and now owned by Dr. James Murphy. Built circa 1760. Features are Elizabethan Chimney and Tilbury locks. Mr. Vance McClure lived here as a child.

Locust Grove—home of the Sproul family since the land was purchased in 1771 by William Sproul. The house was built circa 1812 and is the residence of W. W. Sproul. Location: route 252, south of Middlebrook.

Silverbrook, home of Thomas Clemmer, on Route 252, Middlebrook road, south of Locust Grove. Built circa 1808.

## PASTURES DISTRICT

Buckhorn Tavern—owned by Mrs. Mary White. Located on Route 250. Was a stage stop on the Harrisonburg-Warm Springs Turnpike. Now used as a hunter's camp.

"Oakland"—a tavern house near Deerfield on the Harrisonburg-Warm Springs Turnpike. Land was bought in 1845 by Samuel Blackburn from Paul Seig. The house was built in 1848. It was willed to his sister, Mrs. Joseph Mann, 1855, and to her daughter, Mrs. John W. Sitlington, a great-great aunt of Mrs. W. M. Montgomery of Staunton.

Rivercomb place, Deerfield—Mr. John S. Guy, father of Mrs. Maysie Guy Somerville, built this home called "Meadowlands". Four generations of the Guy family resided on this land. The house built soon after the Civil War.

"The Wilderness", Bath County, close to Augusta line. Home of General Samuel Blackburn, an early day lawyer of Staunton, who married Ann Mathews. In 1800, General Blackburn retired to this estate, where he died in 1835. The house was built 1798-1799. It is now owned by a Mr. Peters of New Jersey.

Shinaberry home, Deerfield—Built in 1833. Bought by B. F. Shinaberry in 1919 from a Mr. Craig. The bricks were made on the place by slave labor. One of the back bedrooms was called the Prophet's Chamber, as the preachers always stayed there. The kitchen was a separate, small, building (now a utility room). Additions on both the back and the front are comparatively recent. Now owned by Mr. Alvin Shinaberry.

Hickory Dale, owned by Mrs. Clemmer Miller, Deerfield Valley. Built approximately 1786. Was originally constructed of logs, and has no cellar. Several additions have been made on the back. A row of hickory trees in front gives the house its name.

Journey's End. The Christian place, or the old Beck place. This wooden frame home was built by Mr. Beck about 100 years ago. There are 9 large rooms. It is owned by Mr. Alfred Graham at present.

Hadlow (old English meaning: hallowed place), Deerfield. Built by George Bratton in 1830, completed by 1840. A porch was added about 1890. The house was purchased by Mr. William Ramsey and later occupied by his son, Samuel Judson Ramsey. Since the Samuel Ramseys had no children, they were anxious that a future owner have interest and affection for the heritage of Hadlow. Such a buyer was found in Mr. and Mrs. Culbert McGay, Jr., from New Jersey, who have had the house since 1963. They are planning to use furnishings appropriate to its age.

Rambo, in Deerfield, is another Ramsey home, not far from the Walter Ramsey place. It was built in 1840 and was formerly owned by William Ramsey and Robert Ramsey. In 1910, it was remodeled, with several rooms and a second staircase added. The walls in the original building are 13" thick. 14 children were born in this house, among whom was Mrs. Nell Ramsey Kipp, the present owner.

Model Valley Farm—Mrs. E. S. Vess, is the present owner. This white frame house was called the "Old Clayton Place". It is somewhat over 100 years old. One special feature is a bright red diamond shaped window which was brought by ox-cart by former owners. One of the Ramsey homes (Rambo) has a similar window with plain glass. This home is located near Rocky Spring Church.

Riverside, or the Calhoun home—now owned by Waddell C. Calhoun, Deerfield. Colonel Thomas Hughart owned the original house on this site which burned in 1840. The present house was built in 1843 by a Crawford.

"Ramsey House," on Calf-pasture River in Marble Valley. Present owner, Walter Ramsey. Dr. James Ramsey built this large brick home, began in 1801 and completed in 1805. The date 1805 appears on a brick in a side wall. The brick, hinges, and nails were all made on the property. One door still has its original latch-string.

Meadowview—located on Route 707, on land granted to John Trimble in 1736. The front part of the house (brick) dates from 1733 according to the late Kelly Trimble. The present owner is Mrs. Marion Brown.

Wheatlands—located Route 876 near Swoope. George Washington Swoope built this lovely brick home in 1813. His son, B. R. Swoope, sold it to Claiborne Rice Mason, the bridge builder for Stonewall Jackson. In 1864-1965, General Fitzhugh Lee used it as winter headquarters for his soldiers. The present owners are Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Bush, Jr., who have done extensive restoration.

## BEVERLEY MANOR DISTRICT

Arbor Hill—the home of Mr. and Mrs. G. Dayton Hodges. This home was built in 1820 by Capt. William Young, a captain in War of 1812, who is buried in Trinity Churchyard. It is located on Route 700 off of Middlebrook Road. Five generations of Mrs. Hodges family have lived here.

Aspen Hill, home of the late Mr. and Mrs. Nat Waller. It was built in 1818 by John Trimble, and is located on Route 693, between Routes 250 and 254.

Site of the home of John Lewis, Bellefont, built in 1745. The stone building in the yard is built of original stones in the Fort. Another source says that the original building was built in 1732. Harry Heavener home is the site today located east of Staunton on Route 254. The original house had walls 14 inches thick; the beams of the basement were of black walnut 14 inches square. The corner of the yard nearest in the picture was the site of the original fort.

Eidson Farm—known recently as Elwyn Farm, and presently as Shiloh Ranch, is on land originally granted to Henry Eidson, Jr.—who came to Augusta County from Campbell County—and home of the Eidson family until bought by the late Wyndham Bean under whose ownership much restoration was done. It is now owned by Mr. and Mrs. W. Thomas Eavers.

Gray Gables—built by German mercenaries, circa 1779-1781, it is located on Route 708 south of Hebron church and is entered by a long lane. The original owners were the Brown family of the Hebron neighborhood. It is owned presently by Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Krewatch, who are restoring it. An interesting feature of this house are the portholes in the attic.

Mint Spring—home of Mr. and Mrs. H. C. McKenny, on Route 11 south. It was originally a part of the Joseph Smith land. A white wooden house, built circa 1812 after the original house burned. Was constructed of logs which were later plastered. The basement has a huge 8 foot fireplace which cannot be used since the floor above was lowered. The house was used as a tavern in colonial days. Also a cannery and a post office in this locality. The chief distinction is that neither Washington nor Jefferson, so far as is known, ever slept here.

Folly, built in 1818 by Joseph Smith, and occupied by his descendants to the present day. At one time Joseph Smith owned some 2500 acres of land in and around Folly. Thomas Jefferson, a close friend of Mr. Smith's, had much to do with the design of this lovely home. The bricks were made on the farm. Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Smith Cochran, very graciously allowed interior views to be made, which show the handsome rooms, as well as the furnishings. There are also a most interesting spring house and an ice house. The feature which everyone can see who travels Highway 11, and which is very unusual, is the serpentine wall. This wall was built two years before a similar wall was constructed at the University of Virginia. It is only one brick wide in thickness and has no footings. The brick coping is a different shape from the brick of the wall. Mr. Cochran is a great-great grandson of Joseph Smith.

The home of Paul G. Humphries is an old brick house on the Cochran land.

Lacy Young home on Route 250 at Christians' Creek. Built in 1814 by Jacob Peck, Sr., it was conveyed by him and his wife, Catherine, in 1822, to their son, Jacob Peck, Jr. Is mentioned in the will of Jacob Peck, Sr., proved in 1827. This was land, part of 790 acres, which Jacob Peck bought of James Coursey in 1784, and Peter R. Beverley in 1807. It did not leave the Peck family until 1863, when Elizabeth M. Peck, widow of Jacob, Jr., deeded it to James W. Hudson. The names of owners since that time are Clinton Miller, George Schmucker, Harman, and in 1906 or 1907 to the Young family. The present owner is Mrs. Lacy Young. A stone in the chimney on the north side of the house has the date of construction. "D. C. for J. P. Y 1814 DAT. From records in the courthouse, it is thought that perhaps Dabney Cosby was the builder. The south side of the house has been added—the original walls of the house are 18 inches thick.

Prospect Hill—Built in 1835 by J. Bell, it became the property of R. W. Moore in 1923, remodeled in 1925, it is the John Moore home today. In the days when she lived here in Staunton, this was where Grandma Moses lived as a tenant. John Lewis grave sight can be seen from here. Is located on Bell's lane.

Merrifield, formerly known as Wheatlands, is located on U. S. 11 North. Is the Robert Poage home, built in the latter part of the 18th century. The

center part of the home is the original house containing original floors, mantels and woodwork. The wing on the right was added by Julius L. Witz after he bought it in 1929. Mr. and Mrs. E. M. Bonfoey have added the wing on the left. This was original Beverley Manor land.

Two very old brick houses on the east side of Route 11, one (known as the Acker place), adjoining Angus Sales Pavillion on the south, the second (known as the Hoover place), considerably further off Route 11 to the east of the first house. Largely unrestored, both date well before 1860. These houses are on Green Hill Farms, Glenn E. Yount estate, owner.

Old Virginia, the home of Mr. and Mrs. J. Waller Callison for 19 years, and located on Bell's lane, was built circa 1770 or earlier. Is a home of 8 rooms with thick solid brick walls, high ceilings, with 4 above ground basement rooms. According to records, the Rev. John Craig lived in this home when he was pastor of Augusta Stone and Tinkling Spring churches. The exterior is enhanced with the magnificent plantings of box in front.

#### BEVERLEY MANOR DISTRICT—(STAUNTON)

Woodrow Wilson Birthplace—Built in 1845 by the First Presbyterian Church as a manse for its pastors. It is of Greek Revival type architecture. In 1964, it was made a registered National Historic Landmark by the Department of Interior.

The Oaks—home of Jed Hotchkiss on East Beverley—built before 1885. Although this is not an ante-bellum home, his fame as a teacher, cartographer, and scientist demanded that it be included.

Dr. Barnas Sears home on Sears Hill dates back to 1875. Dr. Sears was an educator from Rhode Island who came to Staunton as director of the Peabody fund for improving education in southern states. This home is located south of the C and O Railroad Depot and is distinguished by its unusual style of architecture. This is the site of a park owned by the city of Staunton called the Woodrow Wilson park.

At the top of the hill on West Johnson Street stands the home of Mr. and Mrs. Carter Loth. Built in 1846 as the Wesleyan Female Institute. Also a part of the school, but of later date, is the home of Dr. and Mrs. Broman next door. Both buildings during the time of the Institute were connected. According to information received, the square in which these buildings are located was laid off for the capital in the early 1800s.

Further west, overlooking Gypsy Hill Park, we find Steephill, built by John Lewis Peyton in 1880.

Coming back to West Beverley Street, we reach the Alexander Humphries building located next to Stonewall Jackson School. According to tradition this is the office of Dr. Humphries who practiced medicine in Staunton from 1787 to 1802.

The Henderson M. Bell home stands on the corner of North Lewis and East Frederick Streets. It is over 100 years old. Today, it is more familiarly

known as the Gilpin Wilson home. It will soon be razed to make way for a parking lot.

Oakenwold—situated on Oakenwold near the Thomas Jefferson School, it was built in 1849 by William Frazier. Federal in design, with 12 rooms, and a wing of 3 rooms added in 1878, it also has solid brick walls, 12 foot ceilings, fireplaces in each room and original random width floorboards. Separate ante-bellum servant quarters with dirt floor kitchen below which contains a large fireplace and is connected to the house with a breezeway. It subsequently became the property of Capt. Thomas Ransom and his daughter, Mrs. Hierome Opie. In 1963, Dr. Richard P. Bell, III, a descendant of William Frazier, bought it, so that today it is back in the family once more.

On the corner of North Coalter and Edgewood road stands the stately home, "Edgewood", built by J. P. Ast.

#### SOUTH RIVER DISTRICT

Chapel Hill—Home of the Charles Churchman family, located on Route 754 between Folly Mills and Stuarts Draft. This was land granted originally to the Churchman family. The house was built in 1817—Two outstanding features are the lovely staircase and old edited wallpaper in the dining room.

Riverside—the Gabriel Alexander home on South River at Stuarts Draft. Descendants of the Alexander family still reside on land that an original grant to Gabriel Alexander in 1749. The present house was built circa 1840-1850.

Annapdale, owned by Mrs. W. S. Moffett, Sr. Located  $4\frac{1}{2}$  miles south of Staunton on Route 654. The original tract came into the Moffett family in 1811. James Moffett bought the property for his son, John. Construction started in 1824, and was completed in 1827. The contract called for a 1500 dollar cost, but another 400 had to be added before it was finished. The bricks were made on the premises. 5 or 6 years later, John Moffett gave up his residence and the property was sold to Joseph Smith of Folly, who added this acreage to his other two holdings. At the death of Joseph Smith, the whole area was inherited by his 3 granddaughters who married Mr. Donaghe, Mr. Eskridge and Mr. Cochran. From circa 1830 to 1905 Annapdale was not in the Moffett family. It was repurchased by Senator W. Stuart Moffett in 1905.

Over the River Farm, located on Route 659 about 2 miles from Stuarts Draft. The original property of 1500 acres extending right to the mountains, was owned by Mrs. Cynthia Black Johnson and was known as University Farm. 1789 is the date of the old tavern called Major Bell's Tavern located on the river bank. There is still in existence an old bookkeeping record that the slaves were paid in English currency. The next owner was Tom Wallace (cousin of Mr. Charles Robertson). In 1848, the Tavern, a wooden building, was moved and joined to two sections of the farmhouse which was of brick. From 1932-1945, Mr. Charles Robertson operated the farm which was sold in 1945. Mr. and Mrs. Ben Howell are the present

owners of approximately 750 acres. A few of the original window panes are still in the windows. Over the large front door, on one side, is an iron receptacle for the customer's whips. This door has a huge iron lock. Originally the road was below the house, connected by a stile. Later the road was elevated to the same level as the house and yard.

Solitude—The Old Abney place, on Route 800 near Virginia 654 and the Churchman place. The present owner is Dr. Booeey, Kingsport, Tennessee, who purchased it from Luigi Petti.

Willie's Ford, long known as the Imboden home and where General John Imboden grew up. This house was built originally by Isham Johnston, a carpenter and joiner, circa 1808. That is the year in which Isham Johnston obtained the land from Peter R. Beverley, a grandson of William Beverley. The front part of the house is the original building. The parlor, located on the left contains an Adam mantel. As the result of the litigation involving the Beverley heirs, this house became the property of Mr. Wunderlich who was the father-in-law of George W. Imboden, father of General John Imboden, in the 1820s. In the 1850s, George W. Imboden sold the land, and since then it has been owned by many people. In recent years, it was the property of Mr. Wayt Ervine and Timothy Herring. Since 1968, it has been the property of Mr. and Mrs. William F. Irons, who are restoring it, and have named it Spring Hill Farm.

#### WAYNE DISTRICT

The Caldwell place, first on our itinerary in the newly created Wayne district, was a grant to the Caldwell family in 1742. Located behind Tinkling Spring Church, the original log structure remains under the present siding on the house. Descendants of the original grantee still live here.

Walnut Grove, on Route 340 just south of Waynesboro, was featured in a recent issue of the Augusta County Historical Society's Bulletin.

The ancestral site of the Archibald Stuart family, this ancient seat dates well back into the 18th Century. After the Civil War it was widely known as the home of Captain G. Julian Pratt and his descendants.

The present owner is Mr. Lesser, who plans restoration.

The old Plumb house on West Main Street in Waynesboro is one of the oldest structures in the city. The original log structure stands beneath the more recent siding.

Here is the old Kitchen behind the Plumb house. This residence has remained in the same family for well over a century.

On the north side of Main Street hill stands a painted brick house now occupied by Barnwell and Jones Company. During the 1850s it was the home for a time of Mrs. Rebecca Long Pelter and in 1885 was occupied by John Long's heirs.

Casper Coyner, son of the emigrant Michael Koiner, built this structure in 1807. Located on Main Street in Waynesboro, it was the first brick build-



ing to be erected in the village. Mr. W. D. Quesenberry is the present owner.

This is Pennhill, located just off Waynesboro's new Hopeman Parkway, overlooking South River. Dr. and Mrs. S. Randolph Penn have completely restored this large Georgian home which was built in 1850 by Peter Hanger of Hanger's Pond for his son, Peter Hanger IV. The farm later passed to George Koiner and afterwards was the home of the Ritchie family for many years.

Now the showroom of Virginia Metalcrafters, Inc., this early home on East Main Street in Waynesboro was the birthplace of Dr. W. A. Jones, who as a lad witnessed the skirmish at Waynesboro in the last year of the Civil War.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Nash own this lovely home near Waynesboro. According to the Link genealogy, it was built elsewhere in the neighborhood, and about 1840 was reerected brick by brick as part of the manor house of Peter Hanger III at Hanger's Pond, now the site of Judge Quesenberry's home. After the death of Peter Hanger in 1869, his sons divided his home tract, and one son, Norman Harrison Hanger, cause this house to be moved to its present site about 1870.

Prior to 1885 it passed to John B. Smith, long a prominent citizen of the Waynesboro area.

The home of Dr. and Mrs. Thomas Gorsuch is beautifully restored and dates from the early years of the last Century.

Deep Meadow Farm, the home of Mr. George Flint, stands just north of Coiner's Mill between Route 865 and South River.

An early Harner house, it was built about 1800, and extensively remodeled during the 1930's by Mrs. Archibald W. Frame and the late Mr. Frame.

Here, framed against the Blue Ridge and its Turk Mountain peak, is Locust Isle, home of Robert Patrick and his descendants from 1747 to 1930. Near the large brick home, built after the original house burned in 1838, is the family graveyard where Major William Patrick, slain at Second Manassas, lies buried. His tombstone bears epitaphs written of him by Stonewall Jackson and Jeb Stuart.

Home Stretch Farm, home of Mr. and Mrs. Ki Williams, is located off Route 608 near Fishersville, formerly known as Locust Grove or the old Miller farm. William Ramsey, the first recorded owner, received the land by Grant from George II, and the house was standing prior to the formation of Augusta County. John Miller acquired the property in 1855 and Mr. Williams bought it from his descendants. There is a large spring near the house. The north wall of the old structure has no windows in it.

#### MIDDLE RIVER DISTRICT

Spring Farm, the home of Dr. and Mrs. Leland Brown. Located in Augusta County near North River where it forms the boundary between

Augusta County and Rockingham County on Route 690 from Route 276, northeast of Weyers Cave. This was the home of David Golladay, born in Pennsylvania of French Huguenot descent, and a Revolutionary War soldier. He lived in Shenandoah County before coming to Augusta County in 1802. He was the owner of Rockland Mills located nearby. The date of completion of the house is 1809. He lived here until his death in 1823. He and his wife, Rebecca Hockman, whom he married in Shenandoah County in 1785 are buried in a plot east of the house close to the river. They were the parents of ten children, and also raised three nephews, sons of a deceased brother of David Golladay. As you can see, this is a beautiful example of restoration. Even the pie-shaped bricks needed to restore the pillars on the front entrance were made like the originals. At the time the restoration began, the house had been used as a grainary and had suffered much damage. The outbuildings—slaves quarters, the smoke house, with its band of locust around the outside to keep the slaves from breaking into it, and the wash house have all been restored in keeping with the period it represents. The interior is finished and furnished in keeping with the period.

Belmont Farm, located at Piedmont on Route 608, north of New Hope. This is the home of the Samuel Beard family, for six generations. The present owner is Mrs. Gleaves C. Beard, Jr. Construction was begun in 1790-1792. The original house was a log cabin of 4 rooms. After the Civil War, the slave quarters were razed and a new ell built on the east side of the house. The front of the house faced north toward the road which is no longer there. In 1910, when Route 608 was constructed, a front on the west of the house was created by adding another porch. There are 14 rooms with a stairwell from the first floor to the attic. The attic also contains 3 rooms. The ceiling in the front room was painted by a travelling church decorator, Robert Green, in 1830, when he was forced to stop with "horse trouble" at Belmont. It was painted freehand and missed the exact center of the room by 2 inches. The colors of red, blue and gold, are as bright today as they were in 1830. The only ceiling which has been replaced is the front hall—and that was due to stains caused by hiding cured hams, shoulders, and sides in it during the Civil War. This house was a part of the Battle of Piedmont. The slide showing the house at the end of the Civil War shows the evidence of the battle. There was also a government distillery operated here until 1880, which furnished whiskey for the area. Mrs. Beard still has the steel brand used to stamp the barrels and the stencil "Whiskey—New Hope, Virginia". There were once 1400 acres on this farm—1500 hogs raised on it each year.

This large brick home lies in a meadow about 1 mile north of Crimora between Route 340 and South River.

It dates well before 1853, when Susan Yount came to live there as the bride of John Wine.

Here is an exquisite hand-carved mantel located in the old brick home of Mr. and Mrs. Wayne Coyner on Route 865 near Crimora just across from historic Trinity Lutheran Church.

The mantel dates from the building of the house itself, which occurred in 1825.

This is the home farm on Michael Koiner, progenitor of the prominent Koiner family, who bought the tract from Archibald Bolling in 1790. Christian Coyner, son of Michael, built the present farm mansion in 1825, according to the Koiner genealogy.

In 1892 nearly five thousand descendants of Michael Koiner from all parts of the nation congregated at nearby Trinity Lutheran Church to found a family association and erect a monument to the memory of Michael and his wife Margaret Diller Koiner.

Here is a smaller mantel upstairs in the old Koiner home. This farm has never left the Koiner family since it was bought by the ancestor 179 years ago.

On a commanding hill overlooking the village of Crimora and the Blue Ridge stands the home of Mr. and Mrs. Bowman Kennedy, built just prior to the Civil War by Elder Daniel Yount, a leading figure in the Church of the Brethren during the 19th Century and one of the first trustees of Bridgewater College. This was the birthplace of Walter Bowman Yount, president of Bridgewater College for 18 years and a son of Elder Daniel Yount.

#### NORTH RIVER DISTRICT

Mount Pleasant—home of Col. George Moffett. Present Owner: George M. Ware. Built before the Revolution, it was used as a harbor for members of the General Assembly who fled from Trinity Church in Staunton at the news Tarlton was coming. It is said to have been built before the French and Indian War. Is constructed of stone with single portholes at either end in the attic. At some time stucco has been put over the stone, which an attempt has been made to remove. Colonel Thomas Hughart Chapter, DAR, has placed a bronze marker on the northeast corner of the front of the house to commemorate the event at Mount Pleasant in the spring of 1781.

Poage—The John Poage home, located on Route 626 north of Quick's Mill. Built probably 1750-1760, by John Poage, eldest son of Robert Poage and Elizabeth Preston. John Poage was assistant surveyor of Augusta County in 1760, high sheriff, and county surveyor in 1778. He married Mary Crawford, daughter of Patrick Crawford in 1751. He died in 1789, and the house descended to his son, John Poage, Jr. Their son, James Poage inherited after the death of John Poage, Jr. in 1827. James Poage and his wife, Nancy Brown, were the third generation to live there. Today the 6th and 7th generations of the family, Mrs. Margaret Jordan Carroll, and her son, David, live in the family home. This house sits in quiet dignity of more than 200 years existence, on the side of a hill. The front part is of stone 24" in thickness. The ell on the back has been added in Mrs. Carroll's lifetime. There are 7 rooms in the original part of the house. All the lumber used in construction is locust. The chimneys are built on the inside of the walls and are quite deep. The old kitchen in the basement is at least 8 feet long, still equipped with the hooks on which cooking pots were hung. The front door is homemade—crusader type on the outside, with bias cut tongue and groove on the inside, and fitted with hinges that are the widths of the door. The

grandfather clock standing in the parlor has a note in it that it was repaired on March 6, 1829, by John Pittman.

Stover home—Located on Route 616, west of Fort Defiance. This was the birthplace and girlhood home of Ida Stover Eisenhower, mother of General Dwight David Eisenhower.

The William Crawford home—located on Route 777 to the right from U. S. 11, just north of Fort Defiance. Built prior to 1860. It was owned until recently by Mrs. Charles Roller, who sold it in 1969 to McCoy Hill of Mount Sidney, who is restoring it. It was lived in until 4½ years ago.

#### NORTH RIVER DISTRICT—(MOUNT SIDNEY)

Harold Wine home, located on U. S. 11. Built prior to 1860, originally there were only 2 rooms up and down on the north side of the present house. In the 1860s and 1870s, it was known as the Sue Hyde tavern. Since that time it has been a novelty shop. In the 80s owned by "northerners", was a temporary parsonage for the pastors of St. James Lutheran Church—A. C. Gearhart, Curtis Koontz, C. B. Dull. In 1910, he sold it to Dr. Frank Crawford, who added the rooms on the south portion including his office. It was also occupied by Dr. J. L. Sheppe, whose daughter, Miss Janie, taught at Mt. Sidney. It has been beautifully restored by Mr. and Mrs. Harold H. Wine.

Located on east side of U. S. 11 in Mt. Sidney. This building is probably the oldest building in Mt. Sidney today. In 1804, Lot 11 in Mt. Sidney was deeded to the trustees of the Mount Sidney Methodist Church circuit of the Baltimore Conference of M. E. Church in Virginia, for a parsonage. In 1865, Jonathan Sheetz, Jonathan Johnson, William O. Rop, Christian Eakle, Tobias Weller deeded Lot 11 and the house to W. P. Johnson. Until Vida C. Hensley purchased it, it was known as the Johnson property. Today, it is a place of business for Mrs. Hensley as a beauty salon.

Posada del Rey—Originally built by the father of Dr. Frank Crawford in 1840—it is solid brick with deepseated windows. Has been dated by the brickwork next to the eaves. It is now the home of McCoy Hill who has restored it.

The John H. Moore home—is 150 years old, located just north of Posada del Rey, was originally owned by the Harper family. It was a store and postoffice. William R. Landes, father of Mrs. Moore, was the postmaster.

Neff Tavern, the home of Mrs. John Austin, was probably built 1830-1840. A picture exists of it after remodelling in 1856. It was a stage coach stop on the old turnpike. The interior doors are extremely wide—the floors are of pine 1 inch thick and all floors except the entrance hall are original. The parlor (originally the barroom) has a fireplace with an 8 foot opening. The parlor floor retains to this day a bloodstain from the murder by stabbing of a man during tavern days. The walls are solid brick and are at least 16 inches thick. The Rockingham National Bank is located in the addition next to the tavern building and was also a part of the tavern.



An old log house still occupied in Mt. Sidney, which is covered by siding—just north of the Neff Tavern—no history available.

Going from Mount Sidney west across the “hill country to Judea” to the boundary on the west of the “Plains of Jericho” (names given to this part of the county by old Dr. Speece, pastor of Old Stone Church), we come to the village of Mount Solon.

Home of Mr. and Mrs. Bernard Way. This is a home of 8 rooms built prior to 1860—no exact date available—but has original logs under the siding of part of it. In 1910, it was owned by Dr. James Clarke, from 1839-1910—physician and surveyor. S. P. Peyton—History of Augusta County—wrote section on Mount Solon.

Mount Ida, or the “Big House”, located on the hill just west of the mill pond. It is of classic lines, and probably 170 years old or older. The middle part of the front is of log covered with siding. The two wings on either side are “board on board”. The land on which it stands was originally a crown grant to one Timothy Crosthwaite. Abram Smith, who built the dam and mill in 1823 was an early owner. Other owners were Dr. C. R. Harris, John Turner Ashby Cupp, Norma Chaplin, A. G. R. Bass, and Estey Miller. It is the home today of Mr. and Mrs. James L. Staubus who have been restoring it since 1963.

Going north out of Mount Solon on Route 747 and to its intersection with Route 42, we come to the Henry Miller home.

According to the late Dr. John Wayland, this stone mansion was built in 1784. There is also a brick extension on the southwest side. This is a house of 22 rooms—the stone walls are 22 inches deep. Henry Miller patented land in 1768. At one time he owned some 30,000 acres of land in Virginia. For nearly 100 years, Miller’s Iron Works were a prominent industry in Virginia. In 1834, John Kenagy of Lancaster County, Pennsylvania bought it. In 1844, Daniel Forrer took possession. In 1907, Samuel Forrer owned the property and today it is owned by John Kagy of Dayton. It is an imposing house, standing very close to the road. It is the only remaining structure of a once flourishing community that contained not only the Iron Works, but also a paper mill, Mossy Creek Academy founded by Jed Hotchkiss. Miller’s Iron Works was also an important station on the Warm Springs and Harrisonburg Turnpike. The iron step with the year 1822 was brought over from the site of the iron works at some unknown time to form the bottom step up to the yard from the side of the house. It is solid iron some 6 inches in depth and several feet long.

## Letter From Mr. Charles Curry to Mr. Armistead Gordon, March 26, 1907

Charles Curry  
Lawyer  
Staunton, Va.

March 26, 1907

Mr. A. C. Gordon  
Staunton, Va.

Dear Gordon:—As I told you this morning I will write you a few notes that may be of interest to you in the work in which you are engaged.

The country known as the *Hill Country of Judea* extends from near the valley pike to North River, about a mile west of Mt. Solon. The Natural Chimneys mark the boundry on the west between the *Hill Country of Judea* and the *Plains of Jericho*. Those sections of the country were given these names by old Dr. Speece, one of the *first ministers of the Old Stone Church*.

Dr. Speece was of German origin and a man of wide culture, but of very odd appearance. He was very large, homely and coarse looking, and was an old bachelor as a consequence, presumably. He was quite an interesting writer and you may have read one of his books known as the “*Mountaineer*.”

Some of the land marks of note of the Hill Country of Judea are the *Grindstone Ridge*, the spring known as *Seawright Spring*, *Clamper Spring*, *Slate Hill*, *Glen Cose*, *Misner’s Hollow*, *Crime’s Hollow*, *Dickie’s Hill*, the *Mossey Creek Lakes*, *Cairn View* and *Watts Hill*.

The *Grindstone Ridge* is the ridge that extends throughout the Valley of Virginia, just west of the Valley Pike. At Staunton the ridge was broken up into hills during the geological convulsions. The ridge was, by the early settlers, called *Pisgah Heights*. The front view from these heights east and west is magnificent, and along the Valley Pike from a mile south of the Old Stone Church to a mile north of Mt. Sidney the view from this ridge is unsurpassed. Many beautiful springs bubble out from this ridge on both sides, and there are several lovely fountains, never failing, near the summit of the ridge. There is nothing, however, of note to be told about it except the skirmishes between the Union soldiers and the Home guards, in the effort to keep the invaders from the Hill country of Judea.

*Seawright Springs* has at different times gone by different names. It was at first called *Indian Spring*. Its medicinal Qualities, it is said, were known to the Indians, and in the hunting seasons the Indians camped around the spring, and would sometimes carry, it is said, their sick for miles to bathe in its waters. It was called by the negroes in the early days, *Hoodoo Spring*, afterwards *Laney’s Spring*, and later by which it is now known. The negroes believed that it was the center of witchcraft and hoodooing. The negroes said that there was always a witch’s dance about the spring at one o’clock every Friday night. There is an *old burying*

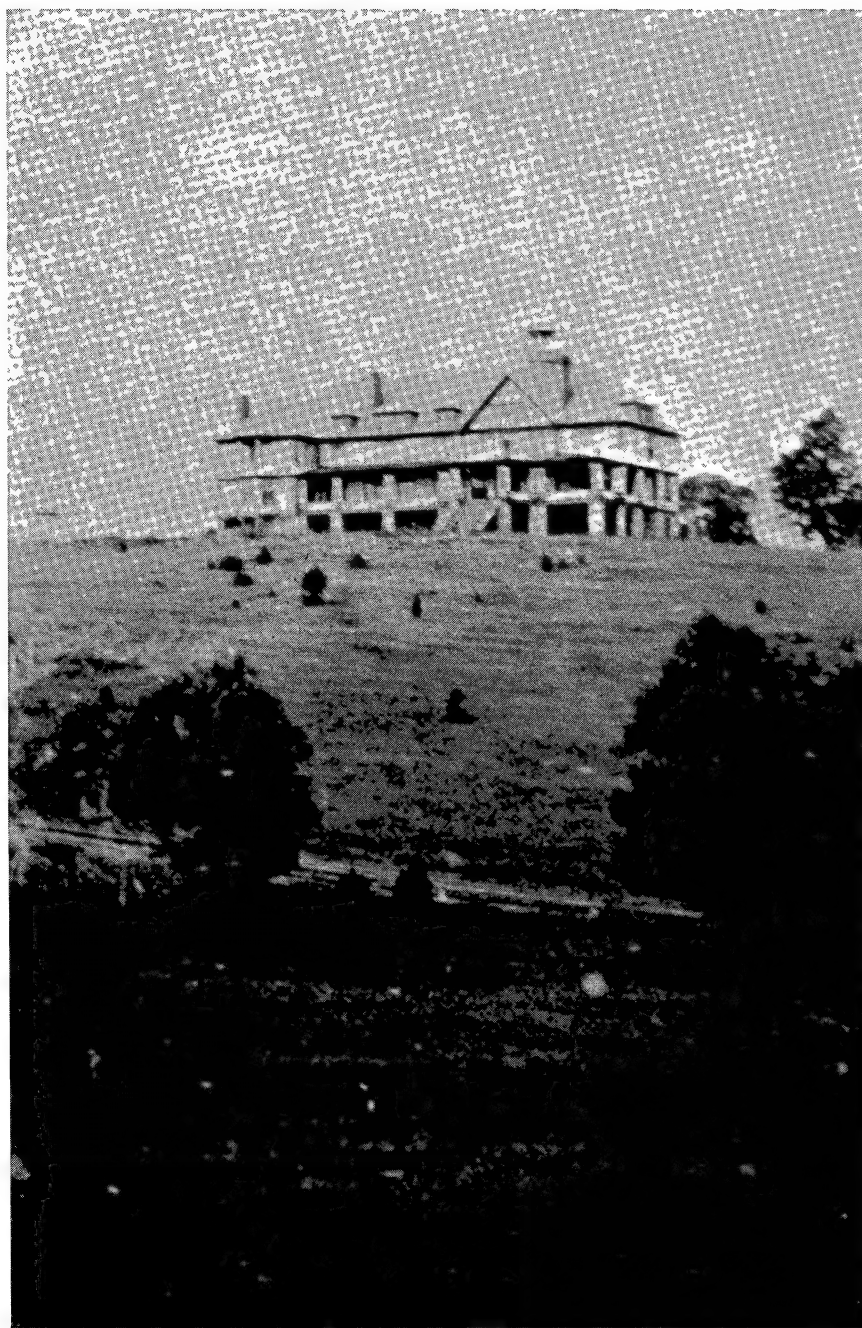


Seawright Springs about 1900.

ground just east of this spring, and it was a common thing, the negroes said, to see barrels rolling down from this burying ground to the spring, and when they would come near the witch's circle the barrels would become phosphorescent and from them would come men and women without heads, and these would dance with the witches. I passed by this spring in my walks to school almost daily, and could never forget the impressions of the witches, ghosts and hobgoblins that were made on me when but a little child by the negroes. It was said that the fortunate one who took the first drink out of this spring on Saturday morning would have long life, and be able to know the future, and that he or she that first bathed in it after the witch's dance would never have sickness or sorrow, and the negroes believed if anyone was bold enough to bathe in the water's of this spring while the dance was going on that he or she would never see death, but I have never heard of a negro that was brave enough to take this bath when the dance was going on and the barrels rolling down and emptying the subjects to engage in the dance headless. In my early childhood large trees overshadowed this beautiful spring and it was a delightful place, but always gloomy and dreadful to me, a horrible place—a place of hobgoblins, demons, witches and fairies—an assembling place of awful spirits. There is hardly a nook or corner of the old Hill Country of Judea that does not recall to me some pleasant recollection, but not a pleasant remembrance have I of this spring. It is the place of *haunts and ghosts and hobgoblins to me to this day.*

When I was a small boy old *Capt. Laney* lived in a little cabin at the gate that now leads to the spring, a cabin that has been there, says tradition, since 1776. He was a lone old man and something of a hermit. He had served in the war of 1812, and was a brave soldier. He was an *uncle of John and George Seawright*. When I remember and heard him talk he was past ninety, but he was bowed with the weight of years, though young in spirit. He was learned in all the hoodoo lore and the doctrines of witchcraft of the negro race, and the stories that he could tell of the strange, weird things that happened about his little cabin made it a place of "haunts" to the negroes, and they dreaded the place. They feared him. He could tell the most marvelous stories and when the negroes would dare to listen to him their eyes would fairly pop out of their heads. He would put me on his knee and tell me how the negroes who had dared to come there and look on the dance, and how they would disappear in the flames. That for a negro to look on this dance was to go into spontaneous combustion.

*Clamper Spring* is a little insignificant fountain that bubbles out in a desolate, dreary hollow about a mile and a half south of where I was raised. The hollow was known as *Devil's Hollow*. It was surrounded on all sides by forests, and about the spring great old oaks towered up that had withstood the storms of centuries. There was one very large white oak tree in this hollow about six feet across the stump and very tall, and its branches extend wide. It was evidently one of the "pioneers of the forest", and about fifty feet from the ground the tree sent out a missive limb, which was apparently worn smooth, and it is said that the devil sat there at full moon and dropped a chain for every sinner that would die in the neighborhood for the next lunar month. He appeared as a great dragon with eyes as big



Seawright Springs Hotel. Burned in 1907.

as saucers and flaming like fire, like the headlights of an engine, and no one in all the country around would go near that hollow or that spring about the full of the moon. That was the only time, however, there was any danger there. This spring was called *Clamper* spring because of the *clamping* that landholders and claimants of land had in 1750, about a *corner of this spring*, and it was thought by the superstitious that to drink this water caused a person to become quarrelsome and disagreeable, and to be given to *clamping*, *recrimination* and *abuse*. In early days it was supposed that a gun would become bewitched so that it would not shoot straight, but it was said that if the owner of the gun would take it to this spring and wrap tow around the ram-rod and dip it in the water of this spring, and then wipe his gun, that the witches could not withstand this, and would flee forever from the bore of the gun; and frequently hunters from the mountains miles around would come there and wipe out their guns.

As to whether or not the gun would not shoot straight, when wiped out at this spring, would be restored to its former correct shooting I cannot vouch, but I have, by tradition, the authority of some of the best hunters that it was effective. *Dickie's Hill* is the *great hill* of the *Hill Country of Judea*. It is on the *Augusta and Rockingham* line about a *mile and a half from where I was raised*. It was called after the *Revolution, Independence Hill* and sometime, *Bonfire Hill*. At that day every foot of land in the Hill country of Judea was owned by the sturdy Scotch-Irish, and they loved this country so isolated, so far away from the roar of the sea and oppression, and when the news of the signing of the Declaration of Independence came to this out-of-the-way place, the Scotch-Irish of the Hill Country of Judea assembled and went to this hill. At that time it was pine clad, a place where I often went to gather pine knots in my boyhood, but the pines have all disappeared, and those sturdy old Scotch-Irish nation builders, young and old, men and women and children, of the whole country turned out, and they gathered all the pine knots they could find on this old hill and carried them to the summitt and set fire to them, and such another fire has never been seen in that country, and such shouting and cries for liberty.

I can see those liberty-loving people standing around the fire and shouting the words of liberty and "Down with the King". In appearance Independence Hill is very much like Betsy Bell and north of it a little hill that resembles Mary Gray. It is a much larger hill, however, than our Betsy Bell. As a child, I thought it a great mountain. It was said that there were panthers there and some bears, and that the Indians sometimes lurked among the pines and among the great oaks on the north side, but I never saw any of these there except in my imagination. From the sumit of this hill there is a sweeping view, grand sweeps of landscape, and it was a *noted flag-station*, during the *Civil War*.

*Glen-Cose* was the home of *George Glenn*, the name of the hill and hollow that he owned so named from Scotland's noted Glen-Cose. This was a noted place of wrestling and of frolics among the early settlers. It was the place of good cheer, and once every year there was the assembling of the Scotch-Irish settlers, and there were many feats of lifting, jumping, wrestling, boxing and fencing, and both sword and shelalah were used. *Part of the old house* that was *built about 1750 still stands at Glen-Cose*. The Glenns

were noted for their high living and all loved spirits, and at these frolics there was always eating and drinking, it is said, to excess.

*Grime's Hollow* was, when I was a child, a dreary hollow indeed. It was in the midst of a forest and there was a thick under-growth of Redbud and Dogwood. An old hermit lived and died there. He settled there when the tide of Scotch-Irish poured into the valley. He did not own the land. He cared for no worldly goods.

He was a Covenanter and a Presbyterian, but never went to church. He did penance like a monk, and lived in the greatest simplicity. He believed that he was inspired and had the divine power of intuition and foresight. He lived in a strange looking hovel which has long since disappeared, and could not be induced to leave this lonely place. Many visited this old hermit for advice on matters of church and state. He believed that he would never die, and that if he climbed to the top of the hill on either side he would ascend to his God like Elijah. He lived to a great age and was very venerable looking. His long white hair covered his shoulders and his white beard reached nearly to his knees, and this old man did strangely disappear when he was about eighty. Not a trace could be found of him and it was supposed that, like Elijah the Prophet, he had climbed to the top of the hill known as *Carin View*, and had ascended to his God. *Carin View* is a very high hill and there is one of the most beautiful prospects from that hill that I have ever laid eyes on. It is a place, I have often thought, where a prophet might ascend to his God, or even be with his God and behold the prophet. There is such divinity and power in it, so grand and yet so restful. When my mind tires and I am very weary of life, I go in spirit to the top of this hill where the old hermit ascended to his God, and rest. *Watts Hill* is very high, and in appearance is very much like *Clarien View*, but the view is not so grand, not so restful. On the top of this hill lived, it is said, another hermit by the name of *Watts*, who would never, after he settled there, leave it farther than to go to the spring at the bottom of the hill.

He was Scotch-Irish, and it is said also a Presbyterian, but not a church-goer. He was very religious and believed that he always communed with his God, and that angels hovered around him. He became very insane, and in one of his paroxysms of insanity, died, and it was believed by the negroes that this hill was haunted, and they never coon hunted, or went close to this hill again.

It is still a strange, desolate place. Thousands of times I have passed by and through this burrying ground, but always the thoughts of the dead, the witches, the Indians, and the headless men were with me. Weird and desolate it is yet. It has never been cultivated. Man has not been brave enough to till the soil there—an occult force repels them. These dread influences may wear off yet if there is time enough.

The lakes or dams on *Mossey Creek* I can not describe. They were so beautiful to me as a child, so inspiring and so awful, their waters looked so blue, so deep so threatening, they terrified the life nearly out of me. I have seen no great waters and thought they were oceans, the greatest waters in the world, but how beautiful they were I cannot describe. The dam at the old *Miller Iron Works* was over a mile long and about 400 yards wide,

and was a beautiful sheet of clear water, a place for boating, bathing and swimming, and skating on the winter's ice. By this was old *Mossy Creek Academy*, the school that turned out many able men soldiers, scholars, statesmen and professional men. Many weird stories I could tell you about this old *Miller Iron Works* and of this beautiful sheet of water, but I fear I will worry you.

The *Natural Chimneys*, or as they were called in ancient times, the *Pillars of Hercules*, are on the boundary between the *Hill Country of Judea* and the *Plains of Jericho*. They are great massive chimneys built by the great world building forces during the Silurian Limestone building age, and they are one of the natural wonders of the great valley.

I mentioned *Misner's Hollow*, where old man *Misner* lived, a descendant from my great-grandfather's servant. That too, is a strange weird place. The hollow leads to within 100 yards of the summit of *Carin View*, and a perfect wilderness it was—great woods, and such a thicket of red bud I have never seen. A little patch in this forest and thicket *Misner* cut out. It is on the land of the old *Curry place*. There he built a log cabin and there reared a large family. His eldest son was fighting *Bob Misner*, the great bully of his day. Blacksmith and soldier he was, and died but a few years ago well up in the 80's. Four or five of the *Misners* were brave soldiers in the Southern Army, and one or two of them lay down their lives for the cause. The decedents of these *Misners* are very numerous, and live all over this country. At this lonely place, the *Misner* home, many eccentric characters would assemble on Sunday's, such as *Jacob Moyers*, the noted hunter; *John Shott*, the solemn wit, fool and fighter; *Sam Dalton*, a witty fool and tramp; *Jake Pate*, the skilled horse trainer and rake and daredevil; and *Dave and Andy Riddle*, the great boxers. The coon dogs kept by the *Misners* were a rare lot. At that day my father always kept a pack of hounds, and the *Misner* crowd and my father had merry times with the coons and foxes, and many chases they had over those hills. Jolly days were they—gone forever. Their memories only linger in the shadows. This *Misner's Hollow* was the place of refugees. There was never a raid of the Yankee Army in the great valley but that this hollow was packed with refugees. Thousands of them would congregate there. I have seen them pour in there for days at a time when they thought the Yankees were coming, and they kept sentinels on *Cairn View* always on the look-out.

They were merry and exciting days to me then but a mere child, but the Yankees never reached this part of the hill country. The nearest they came to *Glen Cairn* was a mile away. The barn was burned there, but my father leading a company of home guards, fired into them and they were routed. There were no more barns burned in that section—no more devastation. I remember it so well; it seem but the other day and yet was long ago. *John Shott* and *Sam Dalton* were productions of *Grindstone Ridge*. They were certainly peculiar characters. I have never known any persons like them. *Shott* was stout and sturdy, strong-built, and solemn as a graveyard. *Dalton* was active and athletic, and a merry fool. Both were fond of drink. Before and for sometime after the war, there were two bar-rooms in *Mt. Sidney*. I went there once or twice a week for the mail, a distance of five miles from the old home. Many merry times the boys had there. The



brave boys and battle-scarred heroes whiled away many merry days and nights in the old town—James and Tom McClung, Sam McCue, Court Roller and Charles Roller, Tom Walker, Dave Grooms and Arthur, and they were merry fellows indeed, and Dave Hyde and *Charlie Neff*, and many others that many interesting things could be told about. One day when I was in the village Dalton and Shott got very drunk. It was a very hot day and they lay down in the shade back of the *Glen Tavern* on the hill and fell asleep.

Jim McClung and Court Roller drew them up side by side, and sent me and some other boys for blackening, and they gave Shott and Dalton a good coat of it and laid them face to face. Shott was a very ill-tempered fellow, and he waked first from his drunken sleep and said to Dalton, "You damned nigger, what are you doin here?" and got on Dalton and began to beat him. Dalton was very strong and active, and when he saw Shott on top of him he thought that a negro was beating him, and it resulted in one of the most interesting fights I have ever seen. And the fun that the brave soldier boys had looking on this fight, and the shouts and the cries of the boys and the laughter, it makes me merry now to think about.

Andy and Dave Riddle were productions of Central Judea. They were born and reared in *Devil's Hollow*. Splendid athletic men they were, of the poor clean class; both men were of the Stonewall Brigade, and their brother-in-law, George Sheets, was another brave soldier, reared in the country of Judea. These brave fellows obtained a furlough from the Brigade. They were all married and had little children at home. They lingered and stayed over their two days. For this they were court-martialed and condemned and shot. Stirring times they were when this message came to the Hills of Judea. The excitement of my father of old Cyrus Brown, a brave old Scotch-Irish elder, I will never forget. They wired to Letcher, the War Governor; they sent the messages to Jackson; but to no effect. These men, all brave soldiers and good men, with brave wives and little children at home, were shot for being two days late. It had too, a bad effect. There were two other brave Riddles in the Southern Army. They deserted. The Hunters deserted three at a time; the Crauns five or six in number. The Army lost in a few days thirty or forty brave men who had deserted from the hill Country of Judea, an account of this tragedy. They went through the underground route, the way that *old James Todd at North River Gap*, the *staunch old Unionist*, led. Jacob Pate and Jacob Moyers of the merry gang at Misner's Hollow long survived the war. Moyers was a skilled rifleman. He was of German origin and spoke but little broken, but what an interesting talker he was. How I used to linger spell-bound on his lips for hours, listening to the stories of his adventures. He had hunted all over the Valley and all through the Alleghany and North Mountains, and many strange and wondrous stories he could tell. Such power of narrative I have never heard. Educated men usually have little gift of narrative. The true narrator must be of a simple life and of a simple mind. Their stories are so natural, so easy, so beautifully interesting. *Slate hill* and a large territory around about was *given my great-grandfather to two of his sons*. One was a bachelor. They built *the old brick house where Ruleman now lives*. This *Slate Hill* is very high and dreary old hill and there is something about it that makes

the heart sad. For many years there was an old school-house near the summit of this hill known as *Slate Hill School House*. There was something about the place that made teachers sour and boys bad. One teacher was so bucked and gagged and left there over night, and what stir it made, but it was such a dreadful old hill, and the place so solemn and desolate, that the parents did not like to go there, and they let things take their course, for fear they would grow more gloomy than before. Long-faced, solemn people lived about this hill. It only produced such, I have been over it often but it always gave me the creeps, and when it was dark my hair would stand on end. There is a strange occult force about every stone on this hill. The stones look lonesome, although there are so many of them. Probably it is because it is a grave-yard of the Silurian Age. For never anywhere else have I seen so many brachiopodes and trilobites, coral and gratholites and fossils. All as dead as the tacks in a coffin, and dead much longer.

I cannot finish this letter without reffering to a negro slave that my father owned, Ben Curry. He was a decendent of two slaves that my great-grandfather purchased in 1740. He could read and write, and was well informed and widely read. He was a hoodooer among the negroes. He was a grand master in that art. He was a true and loyal negro. He mourned at the death of my brothers like they were his children, and when at last of all came the report that Dr. Curry, my eldest brother, had been sent to Camp Chase, and had escaped and had been captured and shot, the old negro mourned and groaned and wept, and would not be comforted to the day of his death, and not long after he had passed away Dr. Curry apparently rose from the dead. He came home, to the surprise of all of us—for we all thought he was dead. He came about 11 o'clock at night. I remember it so well. I had heard so often that he was dead—had been shot on account of his escape from prison and for shooting a guard, that I was afraid of him. The negroes talked about it so much, that it was several days before I could be reconciled with him and realize that he was flesh and blood and not mere thin air. Many brave soldiers the Hill Country of Judea sent out to all the wars of the republic, and many brave boys from the Hill Country laid down their lives for Dixie.

There was much culture in that section—scholarly men, college men—John and George Seawright, my father and Cyrus Brown, Frank Brown and old Andrew Young, Samuel Bell, and others, There are no pure Scotch-Irish there now. The whole population has changed. The interesting stories and romances of 30 or 40 years ago have disappeared and are forgotten. They are a sturdy people who live there, but they are not the same—changed so changed, that I can hardly realize that it is the same old country.

Yours sincerely,

(Charles Curry)

## WHAT STAUNTON LADIES COOKED IN 1891

By Mary B. Armistead

A shared recipe is a housewife's pride and, even as now, the housewife of the nineteenth century proudly shared hers, sometimes publishing the cream of the crop in regional collections. Yet today, whose taste buds can conjure up the concoctions of the 1890s, or whose memories can recall the faces, or even the names, of those housewives who so capably and lovingly executed them? Bread? Puddings? Pies? Pickles? Name? Name Name? They are all recorded in an old 1891 edition of *Tried Recipes of THE HOUSEKEEPER*, a book of Staunton specialties compiled by Mrs. A. M. Fauntleroy, who offered its contents with a short Prefatory and made them available to the hungry public at 50 cents a copy. Printed by Stoneburner & Prufer, Steam Printers, it was financed by the advertizements of some 35 local firms, some of which are still extant and some so recently vanished that their memories are still with us.

The first page in this little book is shared equally by the Augusta Female Seminary, Miss Mary J. Baldwin, Principal (Board, etc., etc. and full English course \$250 for the entire session) and the Virginia Female Institute, Mrs. Gen. J. E. B. Stuart, Principal. The Hotel Kalorama, "with all modern appointments," suggests a pleasant home for commercial travellers, Mrs. E. B. Bayly, Proprietress, and the Hotel Mozart, "located on West Frederick Street opposite the Virginia Female Institute", Mrs. Chesley Kinney, Proprietress, solicits "the patronage of commercial men". Little wonder Mrs. Stuart had to guard her columns of young ladies so carefully when they walked out to take the air.

Four of the supporting firms have continued on over the three-quarters of a century under their old names — Worthington Hardware Co., 18 W. Main, as Beverley was called then, H. L. Lang, Jeweler, S. D. Timberlake, Dry Goods & Notions, with "mourning goods a speciality," and McHenry Holliday was advertizing Ladies' Fine Shoes. And at 4 West Main books were even then being sold, but under the auspices of Warden & Company (Charles W. Warden, Jr. & Jas. R. Taylor).

Many others names are still familiar but the firms have gone. Barkman & Singer (who remembers them?) were "manufac-

turers of fine candies and ice-cream in season." It is interesting to note that that stand at 12 East Main, one of the oldest buildings in town, has never been occupied in its entire existence except by purveyors of food. Or Hoge & McChesney with the Atlas Insurance Agency with its offices in City Hall where the operators doubled as City servants, and the great bronze Atlas in the big bay window dominating that block of Main Street? John B. Hoge, grocer — "flour, bacon, lard bought and sold for cash"; Weller & Armentrout, "artistic clothing & merchant tailoring, gent's furnishing..."; James Blackley, commission merchant; A. Lee Knowles (late of Kinsey & Knowles) "choice fresh, cured & pickled meats. Choice bacon of my own curing". Hughes & Bell, druggists & chemists, "family recipes a speciality", and the Staunton Roller Mills (Isaac Witz, Chas. A. & Frank T. Holt) — "buy Staunton Belle, every barrel warrented to give satisfaction?"

Yes, the old names are all there and the book starts off, as all good cook books should, with the A.B.C.s of kitchen lore and then, of course, the staff of life. Potato rolls (Mrs. Jacob Yost) — a 10-hour stint, then "make into turn-overs to raise slowly for 7 o'clock tea"; yeast bread (Mrs. Charles Grattan) — a lengthy recipe interspersed with bits of culinary advice and ending sagely, "Don't have your oven too hot, but let it heat gradually. There is more art in the baking than in the making." There is a rusk recipe from Mrs. S. H. Henkel, a quick muffin loaf from Mrs. Jed Hotchkiss and rice waffles from Mrs. George H. Harrison. Other family cooking secrets shared include English muffins from Mrs. Francis T. Stribling, and old Virginia batterbread from Mrs. Murray, whose boarding house where now stands the Valley Mental Health Center on Market Street, was an epicurean delight. Mrs. Phil Trout tells how to make drop muffins, Mrs. C. O. Herring gives her version of salt rising bread and Mrs. Tyree presents what is probably the world's tersest cooking directions: "4 eggs, enough flour to make a thin paste, bake quickly in cups. Nice for tea." The result is pop-overs.

Soups are generously treated and with some sound introductory advice. They include such items as corn soup and caramel soup, both from a Miss Conrad. Oysters are dealt with variously — a stew by Mrs. H. H. Haws and a soup from Mrs. Jas. R. Taylor, the latter starting, "to 100 oysters take a quart of milk..." A practical soup stock is the contribution of Mrs. Margaret Gay, "Gaymont", and a soup mixture for canning given by Mrs. M.



Erskine Miller is so concentrated that "one tablespoon will make a tureen of soup." Mrs. Alexander Kinney provides a recipe for calf's head soup: "Take a large calf's head and boil it in 4 gallons of water and a little salt. When tender, bone and chop fine, keeping out the brains. Put the meat back in pot and boil down to a tureen full." Mrs. Davis A. Kayser tells how to make soup noodles and Mrs. Garrett G. Gooch adds her recipe to the section titled only Soup.

Mrs. J. L. Barth and Mrs. Fauntleroy have the fish section almost to themselves, furnishing some nine recipes between them but space is given there for two sauces turned in by Mesdames Frank Webb and Warner L. Olivier.

Under meats Mrs. Miller tells how to spice a round; Mrs. Barth gives an intriguing German chicken recipe and Mrs. Kayser describes the roasting of a turkey, ending, "Put the turkey in a pan with sufficient water to make gravy and brown nicely." Mrs. B. M. Atkinson, as befits a doctor's wife, gives a chicken aspic but Mrs. Dr. Goode caters to lustier appetites when she gives her version of Brunswick stew and chili sauce. Mrs. H. St. George Tucker's contribution is a mouth-watering chicken terrapin, but the blue ribbon should surely go to Mrs. John H. Peyton, "Montgomery Hall", for her roast duck: "to  $\frac{1}{2}$  pt. good claret or port add  $\frac{1}{4}$  pound butter, 2 gills currant jelly, a wine glass of walnut ketchup. Season with salt & pepper & baste ducks while roasting. Serve up with no other gravy."

Vegetables were treated in a cavalier fashion by some, Mrs. Herring discussing her Irish potato pudding briefly: "1 pound of potatoes,  $\frac{1}{4}$  pound butter, 3 eggs, season with lemon to taste", while Mrs. Charles Bryan makes light of an arduous job: "To can tomatoes first scald then skin them; put in kettle and let them commence boiling; put in cans (very full) and seal while boiling." Fini. A day's work in 2 short lines! But other and more dedicated cooks scribe minutely every step and reason why and one of these is Mrs. Fauntleroy who tells at some length just how "to boil rice Savannah fashion, ending with the firm admonition, "Rice should never be glutinous."

Salads were substantial in those days and the housekeeper exercised her imagination. Mrs. Lucy Hendren says that "a fine large turkey will make a large bowl of salad" and tells how. Mrs. Henry Tinsley gives her formula for a cheese or mock crab salad

and, to make her deception all the more deceptive, she suggests that it be "served (if you can find one) in a clean crab shell." Miss Maggie Harrison offers a Welsh rabbit and Mrs. Alexander Hart suggests cooked cheese as a "nice breakfast dish." Miss Nettie Tams gives a salad of eggs, Mrs. William Frazier her oyster salad and Mrs. Fred Loeb a chicken salad, all sounding succulent and appetizing, while Mrs. Judge Sheffey and Mrs. Tucker are given space to advise on the making of slaw dressing and mayonnaise respectively.

But it was in the sweets department that the great difference of an 80-year span shows most and makes the calorie-conscious dieter most nostalgic. Mrs. Marc. N. Bradley gives a Kentucky Rustic recipe calling for a tumbler each of butter and rich cream among other ingredients, to be filled with a concoction of sugar, citron, figs, raisins, almonds and chopped French candies. Also in the roster there is a bride's cake, seasoned with mace and brandy from Mrs. Gay and Mrs. Wm. F. Ast offers an English walnut confection, then balances its richness with a second short item, A Nice Cheap Cake — only 1 tablespoon of butter and  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup of milk, 1 of sugar, 2 of flour and 2 teaspoons baking powder.

But not many practiced economy in the kitchen in those by-gone days. Here is a Julian chess cake from Mrs. Moss: "Yelks of 28 eggs, 1 pound butter,  $1\frac{1}{2}$  pound sugar, 1 pound currants,  $\frac{1}{2}$  pound seedless raisins,  $\frac{1}{4}$  pound citron,  $\frac{1}{2}$  pound mixed candied fruit, 6 figs, 12 French candied dates, 1 desert spoon each ground mace, allspice, cloves & nutmeg, 2 of ground cinnamon, 2 of rosewater & a wine glass of wine." She advises that the spices be steeped in the wine for 10 or more minutes — and the puff paste for icing calls for another  $1\frac{1}{2}$  pound butter,  $1\frac{1}{2}$  pound of flour, 2 pound of sugar & whites of 6 eggs. "This," she says, "will make sufficient icing." A simpler recipe is offered by Mrs. W. P. Hilleary for snowballs and ends up with "Bake in small cake moulds and ice. They are nothing without the icing."

The puddings and pies section is a heartier one yet and many of the names and recipes ring strangely in our ears today: Moonshine pudding from Mrs. Henry D. Peck, made with a dozen sugar lumps for some reason; plumb pudding by Mrs. Judge Sheffey and a plumb pudding sauce seasoned with "6 tablespoons of the best brandy"; Alabama pudding from Mrs. Nicholas K. Trout, suet dumpling from Mrs. Tucker and from Mrs. M. M. Robertson an Irish potato pudding. Another fool-you is Mrs. Gay's mock

green apple pie made of bread crumbs soaked in tartaric acid. And then there are French and Hanover juddings from Mrs. Fauntleroy's kitchen, a Telegraph pudding from Mrs. Hilleary, an English Baroness pudding given by Mrs. McCullough and, to remind us how near they still were to the tragic sixties, one finds listed a Jeff Davis and a Thomas Jonathan pudding, both from Mrs. Owens and a Secesh pudding from Mrs. Lucy Hendren — and all mighty stodgy eating except for their sauces. The pudding to end this section with is Papa's Apple Pudding as made in a Confederate camp, stirred with a knife, and submitted by Judge Charles Grattan who lines himself right up front with all the other "Housekeepers."

The creams and candies are daintier confections, the 2 most interesting being Mrs. Robertson's Syllabut — 1 pint thick cream,  $\frac{1}{4}$  pound sifted sugar & 3 wineglasses of wine — and Mrs. Nick Trout's Spanish cream which calls for 1 quart new milk,  $\frac{1}{2}$  ounce of Isinglass boiled together & poured over the yolks of 3 well beaten eggs; sweeten to taste, flavor with vanilla & stir in well beaten whites. "This", she confides, "makes a nice desert."

Nor are pickles & preserves, so dear to the heart of that generation, neglected, — Pippin apple preserves from Miss Lucy Wood, watermelon preserves, Mrs. Hugh L. McIlhany, a Shaker preserve (for all small fruit) from Mrs. Yost and a blackberry wine from a donor who prefers to remain anonymous—K.C.

To live up to its title, The Housekeeper, many other facets of this gem are also shown. Under Miscellaneous are instructions for making cold cream or hard soap, how to keep eggs in winter and directions for loosening bottle stoppers. Here is how: "Dip the end of a feather in oil, rub around the stopper, put the bottle 2 feet from fire with mouth toward it and, when warm, strike bottle & sides. Repeat it." That should do it. And did you know about keeping an oyster shell in your tea kettle? It will prevent the formation of lime or crust within. Or that salt will curdle new milk and should only be added at the last when making gravy?

In the Medical Section too there are many important things to know; remedies for sty on the eyelid, removal of warts & corns, prevention of felons and cures for croup, sunstroke, scarlet fever & small pox. And, should these panaceas be distressing to the patient or slow in taking effect, there is a final section, For the Sick, in which nourishing recipes are anonymously given — a beef &

sago broth to be eaten with dry toast; a pandano-made-quickly, water, wine, sugar, a "scrape of netmeg", grated breadcrumbs. Boil fast as it can together until proper thickness to drink"; wine whey, new milk & white wine boiled together. Let stand 10 minutes, "drain from curd & flavor with sugar." And, finally, a Very Strengthening Drink: "Beat the yelk of a fresh egg, add a little brandy, beat the white to a strong froth & stir into the yelk, fill up the tumbler with new milk & grate in a little nutmeg." And I hope all these dear ladies were able to partake of this draught each evening after their arduous culinary efforts. They would need it.



Seventh Grade students of John Lewis Junior High School observe "John Lewis Day" by tidying up his gravesite.

## A REPORT ON WORK OF THE JOHN LEWIS COMMITTEE

by Ron Steffey

"Here lie the remains of John Lewis who slew the Irish Lord and . . . ." The name of John Lewis had no real significance to me until my teaching career began a few years back. His stature and deeds impressed me that first year of teaching Virginia History. A vow was made to give him the credit he so justifiably deserved in light of his immense effort in carving out this wilderness for family habitation.

The first phase of "Operation Lewis" involved affixing his name to the front of a Staunton school building. Two Shelburne students, Stuart Cochran and Eric Shipplett, helped considerably. The Historical Society was asked to support the school name along with pleas before City Council and the School Board. The result? Drive out North Coalter Street.

This summer the final stages of the project were started and most completed. Rustic redwood signs were placed on the Waynesboro Road at the National Cemetery, Commerce Road at New Hope Road, and the entrance to the road leading back to the City Disposal Plant. Mr. Jack Moore kindly gave permission to place an historical marker on his property at a gate entrance. He also constructed a pair of steps up over his fence to enable visitors to comfortably journey to the Gravesite atop the hill on his property without interrupting the cattle.

Every year seventh-grade students from John Lewis Junior High celebrate "John Lewis Day" the second Saturday of September. This year forty young people trimmed weeds and grass from around the gate entrance, painted the newly constructed steps over the fence, mowed a good path across the pasture, built a rustic bridge across the meadow stream and trimmed up the actual gravesite atop the hill. Afterwards, they enjoyed a picnic on top the hill . . . then followed an exploration traversing over the area in search of interesting History material. The search always includes jumping the stream to reach the Lewis home and fort site, drinking from the Lewis spring, visiting "Bellefont" which is an old home owned by the State, the limestone quarry, and a delight-

ful trip to the dog pound where everyone instantly falls in love with the occupants.

The Superintendent of Schools has given permission for our Project Committee to make available all the material on Lewis to the teachers involved with local History.

In early spring of this year Mrs. Rosalind Lewis of Bay City, Texas, stopped by Staunton seeking additional information for a book she was commissioned to write on the Lewis family. Material for her book and photographs were sent. The book has been completed. She graciously sent copies to the Public Library, John Lewis Library, and my library at home.

Many clubs in the immediate area have been written asking them to consider a program on John Lewis along with illustrative slides of the settlement area. The program with slides is ready. Any group is welcome and merely has to ask me for a time.

The future holds more bold plans. A brochure is being readied for a "Walking Tour of Staunton" and features Lewis. A newspaper promotion is also being planned. A Founder's Day observance to be tied into the existing Fourth of July pealing of the bells holds merits. The Virginia Historic Landmarks Commission has sent a form for application of the site as an Historic Landmark. The only future plan that really matters is that you take a few minutes from your schedule to walk up atop the hill to pay homage to a giant of a man. It's quiet, serene and refreshingly beautiful. He just had to have sat on this same spot . . . just think-in' . . . it's that kind of place.

Third of a Series

## OLD HOMES OF AUGUSTA COUNTY

"SPRING FARM"

The home of Dr. and Mrs. Leland C. Brown

by Gladys B. Clem

If bricks had the power of speech they could tell many a fascinating tale of historic happenings of "Spring Farm", whose acreage stretches along North River on Rt. 690 from Rt. 276, north east of Weyers Cave.

Once it was the home of David Golladay, a Revolutionary soldier, born in Pennsylvania of French Huguenot descent. Receiving warrants for his military service, he came to Virginia and took up land in Shenandoah County and later in Augusta. While in Shenandoah he married Rebecca Hockman of Stoverstown (Strawburg) in 1785. They not only became the parents of ten lively children of their own, but raised three Golladay nephews as well.

After coming to Augusta, David Golladay prospered both as a farmer and owner of Rockland Mills, located on the river nearby and which was operated many years after his death. In 1809 he completed his "manchen house", which certainly must have been needed to accommodate such a large family. Here he and Rebecca spent the rest of their lives, surrounded by children and relatives, attending Old Augusta Stone Church and taking part in the community activities of that day. David died in 1823 and Rebecca five years later. Both, with a family servant, are buried in a plot between the house and the river.

Many illustrious men of that time, including Thomas Jefferson, enjoyed the Golladay's hospitality. A cousin, Commodore Barron, a dashing and handsome young naval officer, was also a frequent visitor. During his career he was court martialled by Admiral Decatur. But young Barron carried his case to court and was proved innocent. Later he challenged the Admiral to a duel and Decatur was killed. And though Barron became a senior officer in the U.S. Navy, his life was always overshadowed by these two unfortunate happenings.

A romantic episode, concerning Utilla, a specially loved daughter of David Golladay, remains a favorite story of the old home. Engaged to be married, the wedding day was set, the house was fragrant with its decoration of roses and honeysuckle. Mountains of food had been prepared and many of the guests had arrived for the nuptials. During the evening the pair were left alone in the parlor. The next morning a pale, but determined, Utilla informed her parents there would be no wedding. No explanations were ever given for the dramatic change in plans. Later the story was told that the intended groom had taken liberties that shocked the delicate Utilla's strict sensibilities. She never married, but all her life wore an air of romantic mystique. She had one compensation. Her father left her an extra feather bed to comfort her in her old age!





"Spring Farm," the residence of Dr. and Mrs. Leland C. Brown,  
Weyers Cave, Virginia.



Mantel in drawing room shows finely detailed hand carving so skillfully done by Hessian soldier artisans.

Frequently, during the Valley Campaign, the Golladay home was in the line of military engagements — bullet holes in the brick attest to the fact. Federals constantly searching out the Valley's meagre food supplies raided the nearby farms. But the Golladays had prepared for this contingency. The family silver was hidden — it still is — and all available food as well. A young wounded Confederate was being cared for by the Golladays when word came that the Federals were close by. Preparations were quickly planned and the soldier was hastily carried to the attic. An old Negro servant stood at the bottom of the portice steps, "I'll fix 'em," she said under her breath. The soldiers dashed up, ready to dismount. "Gen'men", she welcomed them, "come right in, we have a fine case of smallpox jes' waitin' for you!" Even the mere mention of this dread disease was enough to dampen the raider's enthusiasm. But it did not deter them from taking the stock, burning the slave quarters, the barns and out buildings, and taking all available food found on the outside of the house.

In later years the "manchen house" passed out of Golladay ownership into the hands of various others, gradually deteriorating until it was used for grain storage.

In the fall of 1944 the property was acquired by Mr. and Mrs. J. Edwin Runnels, Jr., of Staunton and was restored during Mr. Runnels' lifetime under the expert supervision of Fleming Hurt. It is now the home of Dr. and Mrs. Leland C. Brown and Mrs. Brown's daughter, Miss Margaret Runnels.

The original small paned windows still face the rolling meadows, that slope towards the Blue Ridge Mountains, with the same serenity as when fresh from the glazier's hand 160 years ago.

The wood house, the slave quarters and the smoke house, with its band of locust midway up the siding — to discourage meat thieves — have all been restored with true perfection to detail.

Wide steps lead up to the double doored entrance, flanked by white columns of pie shaped brick. The wide flooring and interior wood trim have the patina of satin and the feel of velvet. The original hand made locks and hinges, fashioned by some long dead smithy, are still in use on the wide crusader doors throughout the house. One lock, ingeniously made of wood, works as effectively today as when David Golladay first turned its key.

Each room is complemented by its own fireplace and mantel of unique design. The one in the drawing room, said to have been carved by Hessian soldiers, those artisans of supreme merit, is outstandingly beautiful both in its workmanship and artistic detail. A handsome hunt board, whose intricately carved doors hide utility devices, such as knife slots and shelves of various width to hold the products of the hunt until they could be dressed, fills the chimney corner with dramatic perfection.

Secret cupboards, small doors that lead to intriguing hideways and entrance ways that are narrow steps are just a few of the fascinating features of this interesting old home.

Antique furnishings throughout the house, in keeping with the period its represents, has been combined to make this a perfect example of restoration. But it is also a home where hospitality, so characteristic of the old South, is warmly expressed, bidding guests a gracious welcome and a pleasant stay.

## OVER 200 YEARS AGO

### SOME AUGUSTA COUNTY COURT PROCEEDINGS OF 1759

John Johnson having proved by the evidence of James Hughes that Rob Rogers bit a piece of his right ear off in a difference he had with him. On the motion of the said Johnson the case to be dismissed.

— — — —

On the complaint of Jane Looney and her husband, Danial Looney, who stood bound over this Court for abusing Danial's wife. The said Jane now takes oath that she was in fear of her life . . . The Sheriff took him (Danial) into custody . . . until he was in the sum of 100 pounds . . . whereupon Looney acknowledged himself unto Our Lord the King. The sum of 100 pounds (be paid) by John Wiley and Jane Davis his security the sum of 59 pounds each to be levied by this Court.

— — — —

Ordered William Preston and Robert Breckinridge, Gent. employ workmen to make such repairs to the jail as they may think proper and may also provide a ducking stool and to advance the money to the workmen employed and that the same be levied for them at the laying of the next levy with lawful interest from the time the money is advanced until it be repaid them.

— — — —

On the complaint of Mary Sorrel taking oath that Rob Cunningham detained her daughter contrary to her wishes. That he did not provide or take care of her in a Christian like manner. Upon seeing the indenture by which Mr. Cunningham detained her we are of the opinion that this is not according to law and that the Girl be delivered to her parents, Richard and Mary Sorrel.

— — — —

Joseph Martin having misbehaved in a boisterous manner in the Court house yard while the Court was in session. The Sheriff took him into custody there to remain until he entered . . . for his good behavior in the sum of 10 pounds. Whereupon Mr. Martin bound himself to Our Lord the King.



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